

Mrs. D. Clayton.

The Weekly Sunbeam

Vol. III. LOCUST GROVE, SONOMA SEPTEMBER 10, 1883. No. 12

A Trip to the Geysers.

By A. H. Calaf.

Continued.

It was no easy matter to find a camping place as the creek was just about dry near the outskirts of the city, but after walking in the dry bed for about a half mile we came to a clear spring of cool water, and made our camp not far from it.

After taking a rest and brushing off our clothes we prepared for a stroll into the city. Fifteen minutes' walk brought us to Lincoln Avenue, and of the most prominent features on it, the livery stable of Foss and Sons is particularly noticeable; they drive the stages from that place to the Geysers and we thought we would ask how much it would be to take the three of us, but we much preferred to walk when we were told six dollars apiece.

Before returning to camp we procured plenty of provisions to last us to the Geysers and return, as everything is so expensive there.

The next morning we were up bright and early, and after the road was pointed out to us we proceeded on our journey. About 11 o'clock it began to get extremely hot and at the next stream we halted and partook of a little lunch, and dropped off to sleep under the shade trees till it should grow cooler. At about 3 o'clock we

started and after a tiresome walk we reached Kellogg late in the evening.

In size, Kellogg much resembles Mark West Springs, but it is much more of a lively place; parlor rifle shooting, bowling, croquet and lawn tennis being the principle games they were having while we passed the resort.

We stopped over night at the nearest creek, and the next day continued our walk during the greater part of the day, and sun-down found us about half way (17 miles to the Geysers.) We didn't get much sleep as the numerous sheep along the mountain sides kept us awake with their continuous bleating the whole night long.

From there to the Geysers there were two very long and steep hills to climb so we secreted our bundles under some leaves and only took with us a little bread, some fried bacon also the gun and plenty of ammunition. After journeying about five miles up hill we thought how lucky that we had left our packs behind, because it would have been folly in attempting to carry them. All along the road could be seen deer tracks and we kept a sharp look out should we come across any. Our expectations were soon gratified, for just below us on a small hill we saw two young bucks running down to get some water at a small stream in the ravine, so Gilbert and Waldemar took the gun and cartridges and stole

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noiselessly down the hill while I staid on the path to intercept their return in that direction.

To be continued.

—:O:—
Editorial Notes.

We have received not more than half a dozen of the Christmas numbers of our exchanges (probably because we were not exchanging at that time;) at any rate we would like to obtain a few as we hear some of them were exceedingly good, both in the printing and editing. Christmas has been gone a long time boys, but still we should like to have your numbers of that date.

Mr. Calet, Editor of the *Ray* will of course give up that paper when he leaves; but we think the young ladies of L. G. will conduct the editorial department and we the publishing. Send along your x's boys if you do not hear to the contrary.

In our opinion we think a young boy should not be allowed to handle a gun until he is thoroughly capable of doing so without endangering the lives of others around him. For instance a boy goes out in the morning and before he has gone a *thousand miles* from his door he sees a bird, and fires (which anyone would do,) but instead of hitting the bird he hit a water-spout and takes a piece two or three inches in diameter out of it.

A Mr. Fitz Simmons traveling agent for Dr. Daniels's celebrated Centennial stone, an anti-coal oil explosive passed through this district a short time ago and stopped at Locust Grove and sold Mrs. Lubeck quite a quantity of it. Mr. Simmons took a lamp and ignited the wick but the oil in the lamp did not burn; he then put in a lighted match and also a piece of paper. (this was with his wonderful stone in it.)

The day after the same thing was tried *without the stone* and resulted in exactly the same manner as with it.

Very few explosions occur if the lamp is kept well filled; but as soon as the oil burns down to the bottom, the

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gas from the oil (owing to the poor ventilation,) becomes heated and therefore explodes. We advise everyone to look out for this man as it has been pretty well proved by a good many that it is worthless.

—:o:—

LOCALS.

The "Sunbeam" is a year old to-day (the 11th inst.)

We had a short visit from Mr. Winter who came here to see sister. He left for the city Friday morning.

Mrs. Mason and daughter also arrived here last Thursday and remained here till Saturday morning.

The locust trees are beginning to lose their leaves. Oh! what a nice job for the boys to clean them up.

Boat-building, now the chief occupation of the L. G. boys, has obtained a very high position in the art of building.

The numerous rats having their place of business in or near the barn, have, of late, been playing havoc among the young chickens in that locality.

Our apple house has now been cleaned out and repaired in order to store apples for winter use, as the time will soon be on hand when they will all be ripe.

We may expect to witness a boat race in about two weeks or so. The winning boat will be presented with the Champion flag and also be treated to soda water.

SONOMA ITEMS.

The Teachers' Institute was held in Santa Rosa last week.

We hear there is to be a grand ball given at the Glen Ellen Hotel on the evening of the 21st. inst.

We were sorry to hear of the accident which befel the 13 year old son of J. W. Watters, while out hunting.

—:o:—

AMATEUR NOTES.

The *Argonaut* is quite neat for its number.

The *Sun* is indeed welcome in its enlarged sheet.

The *Vade Mecum* appears with a new heading which is very neat.

The *Diminutive News* comes to us this week in a very delapidated condition.

The *Fairy* made its appearance last week in rather better style than before.

The *Nugget* is another neat paper, though, by no means a new publication.

The *Wasp* and *Horse-Shoe* both came with the *Sun* and we think they might have a little clearer impression.

The July and August number of the *Amateur Scientist* is an exceedingly good one, and reflects credit to its editors.

The *Beacon-Light* in its first issue shows some excellent work and we think it will shortly be one of the leading amateurs.

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IS IT REALLY HOT?

A citizen doing business on Griswold street has given this weather question a great deal of thought, and yesterday he began a series of experiments to ascertain whether imagination hasn't as much to do with a hot day as the thermometer. At 9 o'clock in the morning he entered his office, built a brisk fire in the stove, closed the door, and sat down to his newspaper, having his chair close to the stove. In a few minutes one of his customers opened the door, and before he could express his surprise the official called out:

"Come in! What a change in the weather since last night! I hated to build a fire, but it was positively like November in here. Come over by the stove."

"Has—has the weather changed?" hesitatingly inquired the caller.

"Changed! Why there's a difference of thirty-one degrees since 10 o'clock last night! Hear what the weather report says: Northerly winds, great change in temperature, with indications of severe frost at night! I wish I had brought down my spring overcoat."

"Well, I felt the change, but I did not realize the full power of it," said the other as he edged over to the stove and rubbed his hands.

"You watch these things and dress accordingly. I wouldn't dare to come out in that thin coat. First you know you'll have a chill."

"I—I know I'm rather careless, but I must look out for myself in future. This fire feels rather good."

"Yes, it does; you'd better get thoro-

ughly warmed up before you go out in the raw air.

The caller remained there for at least ten minutes, all the time standing beside the hot stove, and yet when the thermometer marked 109 degrees he made no complaints and went out saying that he would go home and get on a thicker coat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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